32

El Zapatero

Manuela Garcia
and Translated by
Charles F. Summis.

32

El Zapatero
The Shoemaker

Obsolete

Harmonized by
Arthur Farwell.

Very moderately

Yo le di-je a un za-pa-te-ro Que mihi-cie-ra-nos za-
I spoke to a shoe-ma-ker For to make me a pair of

pa-tos, Con el pi-qui-to re-don-do Como lo tie-nen los
shoes-es, With the toes all nice-ly rounded Like a duck's bill or a

1 ot 2nd Furiously

pa-tos. Yo le pa-tos. Mal ha-ya el za-pa-te-ro,
goos-es. I spoke to goos-es. Oh, darn that old shoe-ma-ker,

1 ot 2nd Con forza

Co-mo me en-ga-ño! Me hi-so los za-pa-tos Y el pi-qui-to
How he fooled me, though! He made me up the shoes-es, But not the duck-bill

no. Mal-ha-ya el za-pa-te-ro, Co-mo me eng-ga-ño! The
toe! Oh, darn that old shoe-ma-ker, How he fooled me, though! He

hi-zo los za-pa-tos Y el pi-qui-to no.
made me up the shoes-es, But not the duck-bill toe.

SOUTHWEST MUSEU

6

Moderato

La Primavera
(In Springtime)

CHAS. F. LUMMIS
200 E. AVENUE 43
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Lightly, with grace.

1. Ya vie-ne la pri - ma - ve - ra, sem — bran-do flo-res, sem
2. No me mi-res, que nos mi-ren que — nos mi-ra-mos, que

1. Now cometh the spring-time tender, wild — flowers sowing, wild
2. Eye me not for they are eye-ing us — and they see us eye,—

mp

— bran-do flo-res, ay, ay; y ya los cam-pos se es-mal-tan de
— nos mi-ra-mos, ay, ay; y mi-ran-do nos se di-ce que

— flowers sow-ing, ay, ay; And now the fields are a splend-or, all
— see us eye-ing, ay, ay; And eye-ing at us they're saying that

— mil co-lo-res, de — mil co-lo-res. —
— nos a-ma-mos, que — nos a-ma-mos. —

Can —
No —

— co-lors glowing, all — col-ors glow-ing. —
— we are mak-ing eyes — lov-ers' eye-ing. —

Bird
Nest

mf

CHAS. F. LUMMIS
200 E. AVENUE 43
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

tan las a-ves, — can — tan las a-ves, —
nos mi-re-nos, — no — nos mi-re-nos, —
~~birds are singing~~ birds are singing
~~all are singing~~ Birds — ~~all are singing~~
they are spy-ing. — now — they are spy-ing, —

los o-tros re-pi-tan sus — tri-nos sus-ves, sus
Que cuan-do no nos mi-ren, nos — mi-ra-re-mos, nos-
~~All~~ birds of this valley ~~&~~ — do their singing,
~~How the trill of the thrushes ev—~~ ev is ringing, Ev-
when their eyes are not on us, their — will be sy-ing, their

tri-nos sua-ves, —
mi-ra-re-mos, —
~~do~~ their singing
ev is ringing,
— will be sy-ing. —

3. De sepulcro en sepulcro voy — preguntando voy,
preguntando, ay, ay;
Si allí moriá algun alma que muriá amando,
que muria amando.
Respondióme una, respondióme una — "de mugeres
millares; de hombre ninguna, de hombre ninguna."

From grave unto grave I make my way,
3. Amid ~~the~~ sepulchres I make my way, ~~&~~ tapping, asking each,
asking, praying,
~~censor~~ taking, ay! ay!!
Is any soul here, I wonder, that died of loving, died just of loving?
~~If ever a soul there dwelleth that died of heart~~
~~breaking, of heart breaking.~~
~~One answered candid, one answered candid: "Women,~~
color
yes, by ten thousands, ~~never~~ a man did! Never a man did!"

Is any soul here, I wonder, that died of loving, died just of loving,

Obsolete

Obsolete
NFG

CHAS. F. LUMMIS
200 E. AVENUE 43
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

(removed from ©Bk.
5/14/20)

El Chaco

Manuela García 9

El Charro

The Kind Hearted Boss

by Charles F. Lummis

Thisbey.

Harmonized by Arthur Farwell

1.) Es - ta - ba un char - ro sen - ta - do — En las
2.) Ne - ces - i - to buen ca - bal - lo — Bue - na
1.) A char - ro cow-boy was mop-ing — On the
2.) I need a good boss and sad-dle — And a
mp

tran - cas de un cor - ral, — es - ta - ba un
sil-la y buen ga - ban. — Ne - ces - i - to
old cor - ral black slick. — A char - ro
slick-er 'n' I want 'im quick! — I need a good

char-ro sen - ta - do — En las tran - cas de un cor -
buen ca bal - lo, — Bue-na sil-la y buen ga -
cow-boy was mop-ing, — On the old cor - ral
boss and sad-dle, — And a slick-er 'n' I want 'em

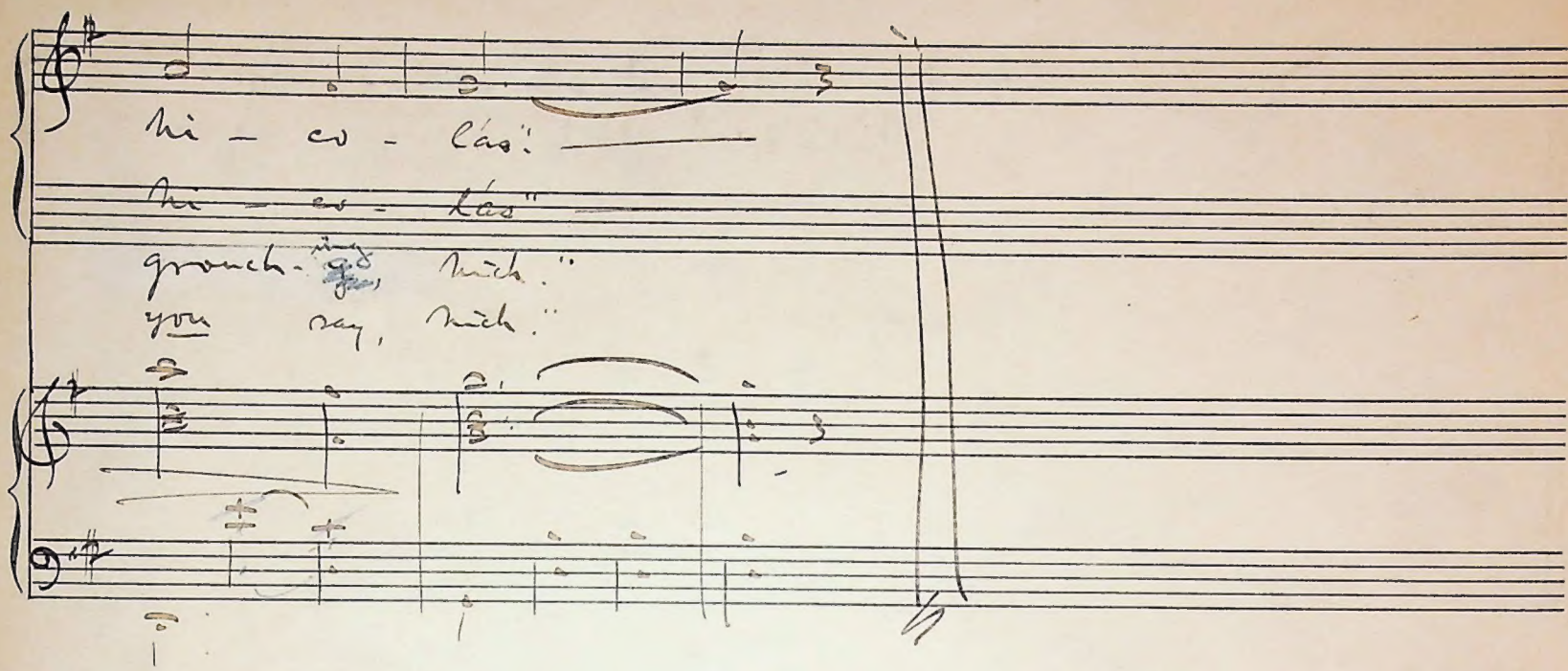
ral. — Su may - or - do - mo le di - ce; —
ban. — Su may - or - do - mo le di - ce; —
slick. — His boss he never says nuth-in' —
quick.

mf

— "No es-tes tris - te, ni - co - lás." —
— "No - que gus - tes ni - co - lás". —
— But "Aw, dont be grouch-y, Nick." —
— But, "What - ev - er you say, Nick." —

Su may - or - do - mo le di - ce, — "No es-tes tris - te
Su may - or - do - mo le di - ce; — "No - que gus - tes
His boss he never says nuth-in' But "aw, dont be
His boss he never says nuth-in' But "What - ev - er

mf



3. Esa chica que V. tiene
Con ella me hé de casar,
Su mayordomo le dice:
"Tiene dueño, Nicolas."
} bis

3) "Oh that little biscuit-shorter,
She's just the wife I'd pick:
His boss he never says nuthin'
But "She is spoke for, Nick!"

4. Nicolás se desespera,
Y se quiere desbarrancar.
Su mayordomo le dice:
"De cabeza, Nicolás."
} bis

4) Then Nick gets desp'rate ready
To jump over the cliff right quick.
His boss he never says nuthin',
But "Do it head-first, Nick."

5. Nicolás se desespera,
Y se quiere degollar.
Su mayordomo le dice:
"Hasta la cacha, Nicolas"
} bis

La Hamaca
(The Hammock)

(#1)

Recorded and Translated by
Charles F. Lummis.

Transcribed and Harmonized by
Arthur Farwell.

With swaying motion.

1. Ten go mi ha-ma-ca ten-di - da,
2. Re cuer-dos trai-goen el al - ma,
1. I have my hammock a-swing-ing,
2. Mem o-ries bear I at heart, love,

En la o-ri-lla del mar.
Que me ha-cen mu-cho su-frir.
Down by the side of the sea.
Sore I suf-fer there-by.

Mi ca-ba-ñas-con-di - da
Me los mi-res con cal - ma
Hid den my cab-in is cling-ing
Treat me not cold and a-part, love,

En me-dio de un pla-ta-nal.
Por que me sien-to el mo-rir.
Where the ba-na-na grows free.
For I am think-ing to die.

S. C. & Co. No. 53

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Lummis

Som-bra me da el bos-que,
Da — le tu-el a - li - vio
Brazes the sea it brings me,
Giv — me thou the eas - ing

Bri-sa me da el mar,
A mi cru-el pe - nar,
Sha-dy's my grove a - bove,
Here of my hurt so deep,

Tri - nos el cen- sont - li
Cal - ma mi mar - ti - rio
Songs the mock-bird sings me,
Mar - tyr-dom un - ceas - ing.

Que bel-los es a - mar.
No me ha-gas llo - rar.
How love-ly is love!
O, make me not weep!

Que bel-la es la vi-da,
Ven que en-tre mis bra-zos.
How love-ly is living!
Come here to mine arms, love.

Me - cien-do se va
Te quie ro ar-ru-llar
Life sways to its blies
I'd rock thee to sleep

— Cual mi ha-ma-ca ten-di-da De a-qui' pa-ra a-llá, de a-llá pa-ra a-cá.
— Con el dul-ce mur-mul-lo del a-gua del mar, Del a-gua del
— Like my ham-mock a-giv-ing a rock a-by that way, rock a-by this
— Swaying a-way to the mur-mur of lul-la-by wave-lets, waves of the

mar.
deep.

Corrections for the Engraver - Song: La Hamaca.

Last verse, second line, correct it to read:

Treat me not cold and apart, love, for I feel Death very nigh.

(11)

La Hamaca

(The Hammock)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Lummis

Tengo mi hamaca tendida, en la orilla del mar,
Y mi cabaña escondida en medio de un platanal.
Sombra me da el bosque, brisa me da el mar,
Trinos el censontlí, que bello es amar,
Que bella es la vida, meciendo se va.
Cual mi hamaca tendida de aquí para allá,
de allá para acá.

Recuerdos traigo en el alma, que me hacen mucho sufrir.
No me los mires con calma, porque me siento el morir.
Dale tu el alivio á mi cruel penar,
Calma mi martirio, no me hagas llorar.
Ven que entre mis brazos, te quiero arrullar
Con el dulce murmullo del agua del mar, del
agua del mar.

I have my hammock aswinging, down by the side of the sea.
Hidden my cabin is clinging where the banana grows free.
Breezes the sea it brings me, shady's my grove above,
Songs the mock-bird sings me, How lovely is love!
How lovely is living! Life sways to its bliss
Like my hammock a-giving a rock-a-by that way, rock-a-
by this.

Memories bear I at heart, love, sorely I suffer thereby.
Treat me not cold and apart, love, for I (am thinking to die.)*
Give me thou the easing here of my hurt so deep,
Martyrdom unceasing, O make me not weep!
Come here to mine arms, love, I'd rock thee to sleep
Swaying away to the murmur of lullaby wavelets, waves
of the deep.

* feel Death very nigh.

(The Girl and the Lobster)

worded and translated by
Charles F. Cummins.

La Barquillera
(The Girl and the Wherry)

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Light and vivacious.

1. 2. 3. En un delicioso puerto. De verdes
1. 2. 3. All in a delicious port; Oh, with fresh green
m.p
fres-cas o-ri-llas, En u-na frá-gil bar-quil-
shores so mer-ry, All in a frail lit-tle wher-
2
la, U-na tar-de me em-bar-qué. Y la her-
Bar-quil-
De-ja.
ry. On an eve-ning I put to sea. And the
Drop your
Leave it,
f
3
6

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Cummins

mos-a Bar-quil-le-ra Yo ca-sa-ba, mo
le-ra, suel-ta el re-mo, Que me al-te-ra tu
ñi-ña, que yo mi-re Co-mo va la bla
Love-ly said-or Las-sie, He-ver clas-ing ro
oars there, said-or las-sie, For it dizzies m
lass, that I may watch it, How the foam is bl

sa-ba de bor-gar, Y en-tre tan-to que-
re-ra de bor-gar, Suel-ta el re-mo, y ver
pa-ma por el mar, Que a-si van mis pen
way a-gainst the tide But for-ev-er as she
won-der way you row; Drop the oars and come t
snow-y out to sea! For it's so my thoughts

ga-ba, Sus-pi-ra ba con a-mor.
lora-zos, y no te mas nan-pra-gar.
mien-tos, En ter-ri-ble tem-pes-tad.
row-ing. With Love she sighed and sighed.
arms, love, And fear Thou not ship-wreck so.
gr-ing On a tem-pest wild to Thee.

La Barquillera

(The Girl and the Wherry)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F.Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Lummis

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,
En una frágil barquilla, Una tarde me embarqué.
Y la hermosa barquillera, No cesaba, no cesaba de bogar,
Y entre tanto que bogaba, Suspiraba con amor.

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,
En una frágil barquilla, Una tarde me embarqué.
Barquillera, suelta el remo, Que me altera tu manera de bogar,
Suelta el remo y ven á mis brazos, Y no temas naufragar.

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,
En una frágil barquilla, Una tarde me embarqué.
Deja, niña, que yo mire, Como va la blanca espuma por el mar,
Que asi van mis pesamientos, En terrible tempestad.

All in a delicious port, Oh, With fresh green shores so merry,
All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.
And the lovely, sailor lassie, Never ceasing rowed away against the tide,
But forever as she was rowing, With love she sighed and sighed.

All in a delicious port, Oh, With fresh green shores so merry,
All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.
Drop your oars there, sailor lassie, For it dizzies me, the wonder way you row;
Drop your oars and come to my arms, love, And fear thou not ship-wreck so.
All in a delicious port, Oh, With fresh green shores so merry,
All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.
Leave it, lass, that I may watch it, How the foam is blowing snowy out to sea!
For it's so my thought are going, In a tempest wild to thee.

Corrections for Engraver - Song: La Barquillera

2nd and 3rd verses, both of text and translation, should be transposed. To make it perfectly clear, I have clipped and pasted a copy in the proper order.

The text as you have it is right as to words — this is to show order of verses

This shows corrected order of verses.

La Barquillera

(The Girl and the Wherry)

Recorded and translated by Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by Arthur Farwell

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,
En una frágil barquilla, Una tarde me embarqué.
Y la hermosa barquillera, No cesaba, no cesaba de bogar,
Y entre tanto que bogaba, Suspiraba con amor.

(1)

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,
En una frágil barquilla, una tarde me embarqué.
Deja, niña, que yo mire, Como va la blanca espuma por el mar,
Que asi van mis pesamientos, En terrible tempestad.

(2)

En un delicioso puerto, De verde y fresca orilla,
En una frágil barquilla, Una tarde me embarqué.
Barquillera, suelta el remo, Que me altera tu manera de bogar,
Suelta el remo y ven a mis brazos, Y no temas naufragar.

(3)

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,
All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.
And the lovely, sailor lassie, Never ceasing rowed away against the tide,
But forever as she was rowing, with love she sighed and sighed.

(1)

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,
All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.
Leave it, lass, that I may watch it, How the foam is blowing snowy out to sea.
For it's so my thoughts are going, In a tempest wild to thee.

(2)

All in a delicious port, Oh, with fresh green shores so merry,
All in a frail little wherry, On an evening I put to sea.
Drop your oars there, sailor lassie, For it dizzies me, the wonder way you row;
Drop your oars and come to my arms, love, And fear thou not ship-wreck so.

(3)

Sung by Tulita Wilcox Mineer
Recorded and Translated by
Charles F. Lummis.

El Quelele
The White Hawk

Harmonized by
Arthur Farwell.

Sprightly, with motion.

El Que-lé - le se mu - rió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Pa - jar Que - lé - le Bird's dead, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,

a las tres de la ma - ña - na, na,
Died just at three of the morn - ing,

El Que - lé - le se mu - rió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Pa - jar Que - lé - le Bird's dead, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,

y la lle - van á en - ter - rar,
now his grave he is making,

Made in Germany

Three — dra - go . nes yun - ca — bo,
Three — drag - ons and a corp' — ral,

mf

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, —
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, —

y el ga . to de Sar - ris -
~~Tom Cato the~~ ~~Sar~~ - ~~tus~~ fox -

mp

Tomcat for Sacristan

Tan. —
~~Tom.~~ —

y los Cue - le- les chi -
~~and the~~ Cue - ~~le~~ - le Bird

mf

and all the tribe of Cuclebirds

qui — tos,
Ba — bus

ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, —
ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, —

p

cry Thou b' with ~~Thou~~ woe

forza ritt.

ye ai rien - rien de Bi - rien

~~Cry thou alone dead as they wooden~~

forza ritt.

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

El Quelele
The White Hawk

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Lightly, with motion.

El Que-le-lé se mu-rió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay!
Pa-pa Que-le-lé has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay!

C. las tres de la ma-ña-na, ay;
Did as the morning was break-ing, ay;

El Que-le-lé se mu-rió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay!
Pa-pa Que-le-lé has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay!

C. las tres de la ma-ña-na, ay;
Did as the morning was break-ing, ay;

S. C. & Co. No. 53

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Lummis

Tres — cra-go-nes y un ca — bo,
Three — cra-gons and a corp' — ral,

Ay. ay. ay. ay. ay. ay!
Ay. ay. ay. ay. ay. ay.

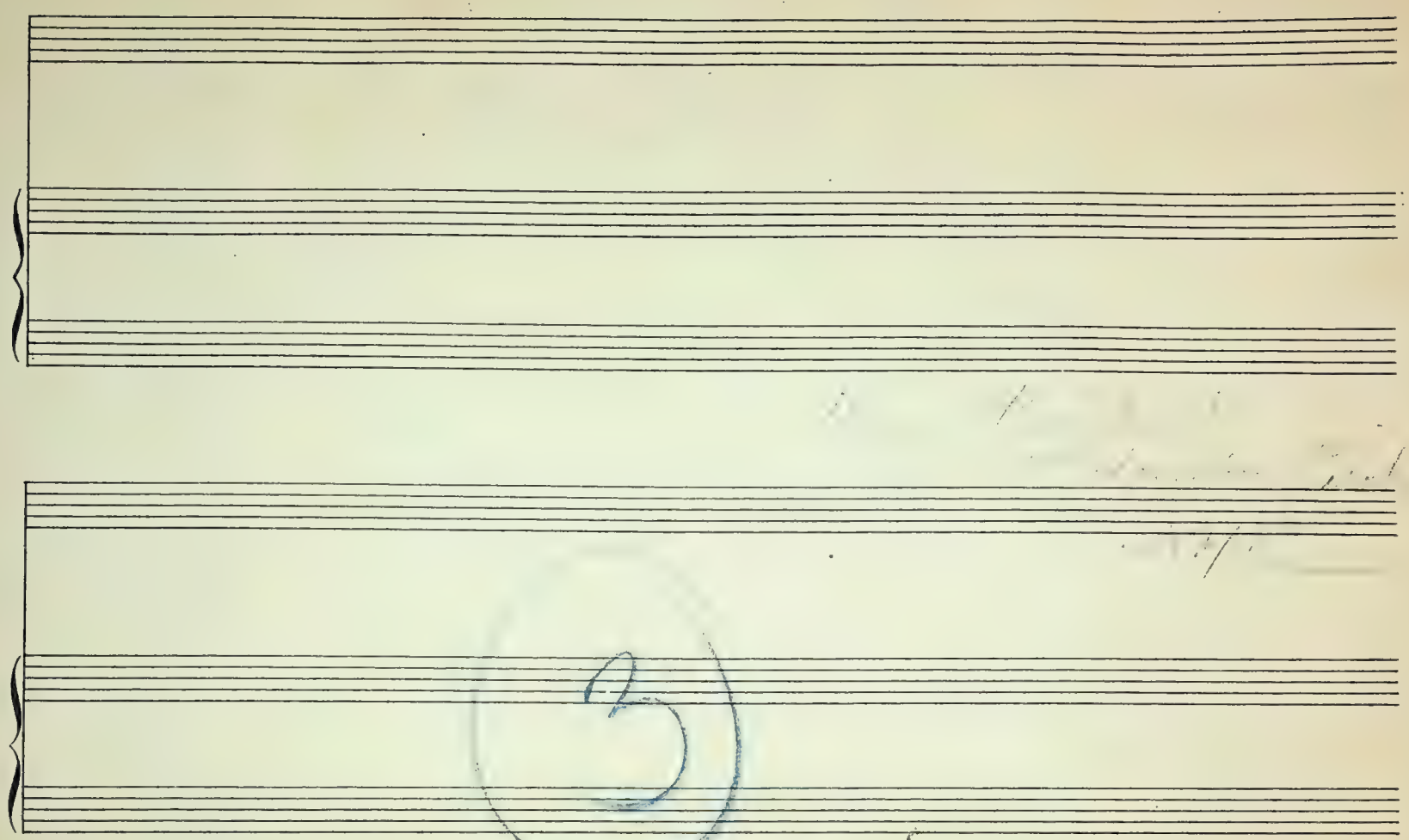
Y el ga-to de sac-ris-
Tom-cat for sac-ris-Tan

tan. — — — — — —
too. — — — — — —

y los Que-le-cos chi-
And all the ba-by cow-

qui — — — to,
le — — — cos,

Ay. ay. ay. ay. ay. ay!
Ay. ay. ay. ay. ay. ay.



El Quelele (43)

The White Hawk

Recorded and translated by
Charles F.Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

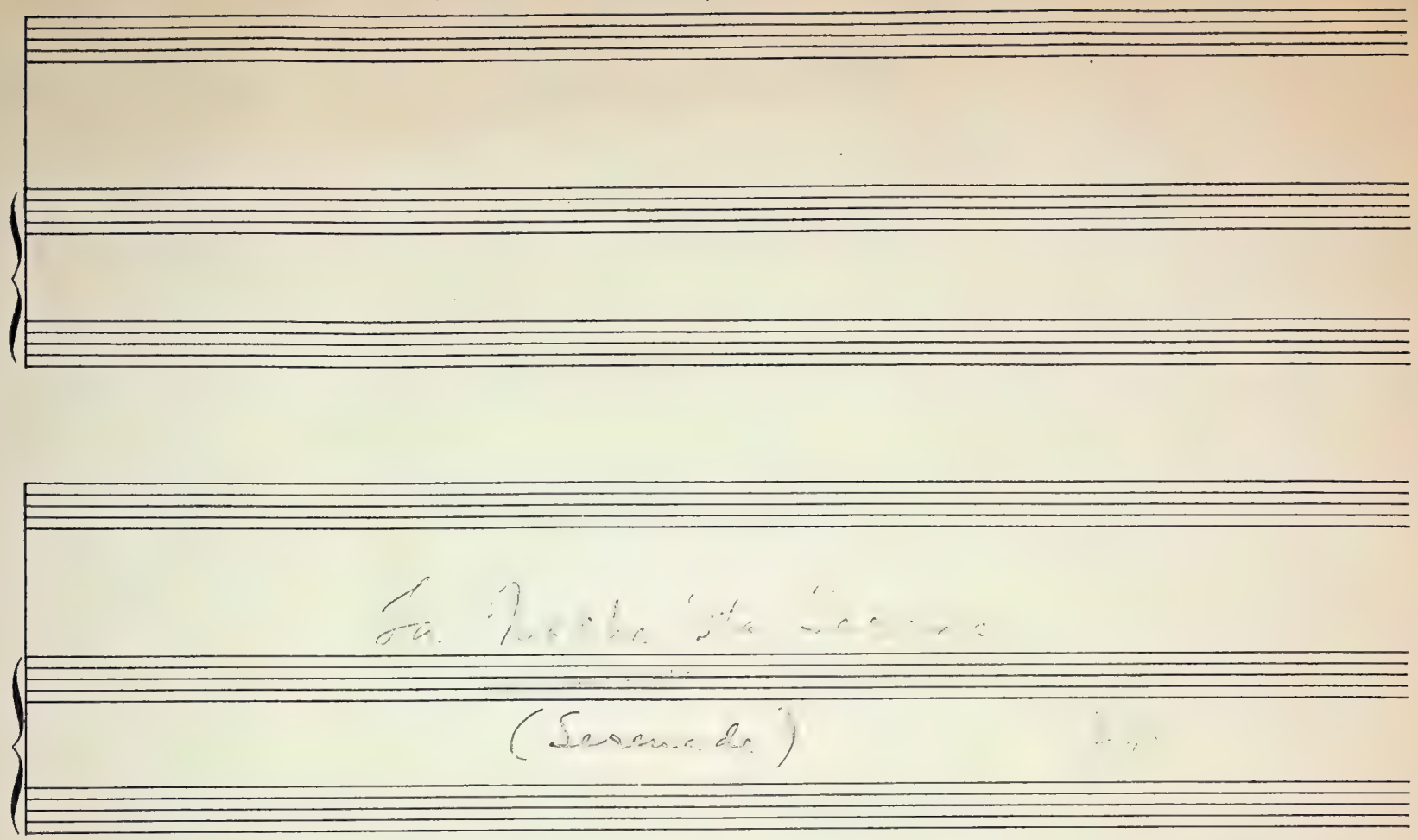
El Quelelé se murió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay!
A las tres de la mañana;
El Quelelé se murió, ay,ay,ay,ay,ay!
Y la llevan á enterrar.—

Tres dragones y un cabo, ay,ay,ay,ay,ay!
Y el gato de sacristan;
Y los Queléles chiquitos, ay,ay,ay,ay,ay!
Ya se murian de llorar.

Papa Queléle has died, ay,ay,ay,ay,ay!
Died as the morning was breaking;
Papa Queléle has died, ay,ay,ay,ay,ay!
Now to his grave he must go.—

Three dragoons and a corp'ral,ay,ay,ay,ay,ay!
Tom-cat for a sacristan too.
And all the baby Queléles, ay,ay,ay,ay,ay!
Cry them to death in their woe.

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Lummis



Worded and translated by
Charles F. Summis.

La Noche 'sta Serena
Serenade.

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell.

Slowly and serenely.

1. La no - che 'sta se - re - na, Tran - quil - la y a - qui -
2. Deun co - ra - zon que te a - ma, Re - ci - bil tier - no a -
1. So fair and still the night is, The ve - ry winds a -
2. Oh, Take this heart to thy heart, His heart that doth a -

Lon, Tu dul - ce sen - ti - mien - to, Pic -
mor: Ho an - men - tas mas la lla - ma, Ric -
sleep: Thy sen - ti - mel so ten - der His
dore! Fan not the flame con - sum - ing, That

quar - dal co - ra - zon. Y en a - las de Cos -
llad dun tro - ba - dor. Y si te mue - ve á
watch and ward doth keep. And in the wing of
burns thy tro - ba - dour. And if com - pas - sion

ze' - ti - ros, Que va - gan por do - quier Vo -
las - ti - ma, Mi - ter - no pa - de - cer. Co -
ze - phyrs soft, That wan - der hour they will, To
stir thy breast, Ever my de - tre - mate vow,

S. C. & Co. No. 53

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Summis

in time

Can - do van mis su - pli - cas, A ti, bel - la mu -
mo te a - mo a - ma - me, Bel - ci - si - ma mu -
Thee, my fair one, all to thee, My prayers go flutt' - rin -
as I love thee, Love - li - est of wo - men, Love me

in time

ger, Vo - Can - do van mis su - pli - cas, A
gar, Co - mo te a - ma a - ma - me, Bel -
still, To Thee, my fair one, all to thee, My
do! and as I love thee, Lov - li - est of

ti bel - la mu - ger.
ci - si - ma mu - ger.
prayers so flutt' - ring still
wom - en, Love me

S. C. & Co. No. 53

(24)

La Noche 'sta Serena

(Serenade)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F.Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Lummis

La noche 'sta serena, Tranquilo el aquilon,
Tu dulce centinela, Te guarda el corazon.
Y en alas de los zéfiros, Que vagan por doquier,
Volando van mis suplicas, Á tí, bella muger.) Bis

De un corazon que te ama, Recibe el tierno amor;
No aumentás mas la llama, Piedad de un trobador.
Y si te mueve á lastima, Mi eterno padecer,
Como te amo, ámame, Bellísima muger.) Bis

So fair and still the night is, The very winds asleep:
Thy sentinel so tender His watch and ward doth keep.
And on the wings of zephyrs soft, That wander how they will,
To thee, my fair one, all to thee, My prayers go flutt'ring still.) Bis

Oh, take this heart to thy heart, His heart that doth adore!
Fan not the flame consuming, That burns thy troubadour.
And if compassion stir thy breast, For my eternal woe,
Oh, as I love thee, loveliest Of women, love me so!) Bis

Recorded and Translated by
Charles F. Lummis.

El Capotin
(The Rain Song.)

Transcribed and Harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Copyrighted 1923 by Chas. F. Lummis
(put imprint at)

With swing, well accented

1. Yo soy fir - me pa - ra a - mar - te y con -
2. Que tra - ba - jos pa - sa un hom - bre Cuan - do em -
3. No me ma - tes, no me ma - tes Con pis -
1. Y am bound - den for to Cour thee, And my
2. What hard knocks he - fall a fel - low When he
3. Do not kill me, do not kill me, With a

stan - te en el que - rer, Que tra - ba - jos
piesta - a en - a - mo - rar, To - ma vi - no,
to - ta ni pu - ñal, Ma - ta - me con
con - stan - cy I'll show, O the trou - bles
falls in love at sight! Take to wine and
pis - tol or a knife! Kill me, ra - ther,

pa - sa un hom - bre
seem - bor - ra - cha,
tus o - ji - tos.
of a fel - low
ge ta br - fud - dled,
with thine eyes, love;

Cuan - do que - re un - a mu -
y se a - cues - ta sin ce -
When he Loves a wo - man
Goes to bed with - out a
With those red lips take my

jer! yo soy fir -
nar. Que tra - ba -
ral. no me ma -
so! I am bound -
bite. What hard knocks be -
life. Do not kill me,

Con el ca - po - tin - tin - tin -
With the ca - po - tin - tin - tin -

Note. The capotin is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This is one of the finest of the onomatopoetic songs of Spanish-America.

tin que es-ta no - che va llo - ver — Con el ca-po-
tin. For to - night its going to rain, — With the ca-po-

tin - tin - tin - tin Que se - rá al a - ma - ne - cer.
tin - tin - tin - tin. And may-be at dawn a - gain.

— Con el ca-po-tin-tin-tin - tin que es-ta no - che va llo-
— With the ca-po-tin-tin-tin - tin. For to - night its going to

ver, — Con el ca-po-tin-tin-tin - tin Que se - rá al a -
rain. — With the ca-po-tin-tin-tin - tin And may - be at

(small notes 3rd stanza.)

ma - ne - cer.
dawn a - gain.

(small notes 3rd stanza)

(4 5

El Capotín
(The Rain Song)

Yo soy firme para amarte y constante en el querer,
Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando quiere á una mujer!

Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover,
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer.
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que esta noche va llover,
Con el capotin-tin-tin-tin que será al amanecer.

Que trabajos pasa un hombre cuando empieza á enamorar,
Toma vino, se emborracha, y se acuesta sin cenar.

Con el capotin-, etc.

No me mates, no me mates, con pistola ni puñal,
Matame con tus ojitos, ó esos labios de coral.

Con el capotin-, etc.

I am bounden for to love thee, and my constancy I'll show;
O the troubles of a fellow when he loves a woman so!

With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, for tonight it's going to rain,
With the capotin-tin-tin-tin, and maybe at dawn again.

What hard knocks befall a fellow when he falls in love at sight!
Takes to wine and gets befuddled, goes to bed without a bite.

With the capotin-, etc.

Do not kill me, do not kill me, with a pistol or a knife!
Kill me, rather, with thine eyes, love, with those red lips take my life.

With the capotin-, etc.

Note. The capotín is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This is one of the best of the onomatopoetic songs of Spanish-America.

Recorded and Translated by
Charles F. Tummis.

Chata Cara de Bule
(Bells of the Rosário)

Transcribed and Harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Moderately and Sympathetically

mp

Vuel-ve o-tra vez con tus pa-la-bras tier-nas
Come as of old and with thy words so ten-der,

mp

— Y ven-dras á con-so-lar á es-te hom-bre en su a-fli-cion;
— Come in mer-cy and con-sole This man af-flic-ted so;

mp

Quien hu-bie-ra sa-bi-do Que tu a-mor e-ra i-lu-sion, Ay!
who would ev-er have dreamed it, That thy love was but a show, Ay!

mp

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Tummis

a tempo
mp

— Pa-ra no ha-ber con-sen-ti - dO, ni pues-to - te tan-to a - mor.
— That he ne-ver had con-sen-ted, no, nor staked such love on thee.

a tempo
mp

mf

E-ran los o-cho y me-dia,
'Twas half past eight in th'eve-ning

Cuan-do mi a-mor te di,
when I told my love to thee,

mf

— Las cam-pa-nas del Ro-sá-rio — To-ca-ban á la o-ra - cion;
— And the church bells of the Ros-ary — Were sound-ing the call to prayer;

Y-ba lle-gan-do al-lá Ca-pu-la,
I was just get-ting to Ca-pu-la,

Cuan-do me a-cor-de de ti,
When I chanced to think of thee,

Ay!
Ay!

a tempo
mp

Hor-ro-ro-sa, cha-ta cara de bu - le, que hé de ha-cer si te per - dí!
Oh! my hor-rid, snub-nosed, dish-face dar - ling, What'll I do if I lose thee!

a tempo
mp

(# 6)

Chata Cara de Bule

(Bells of the Rosário)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

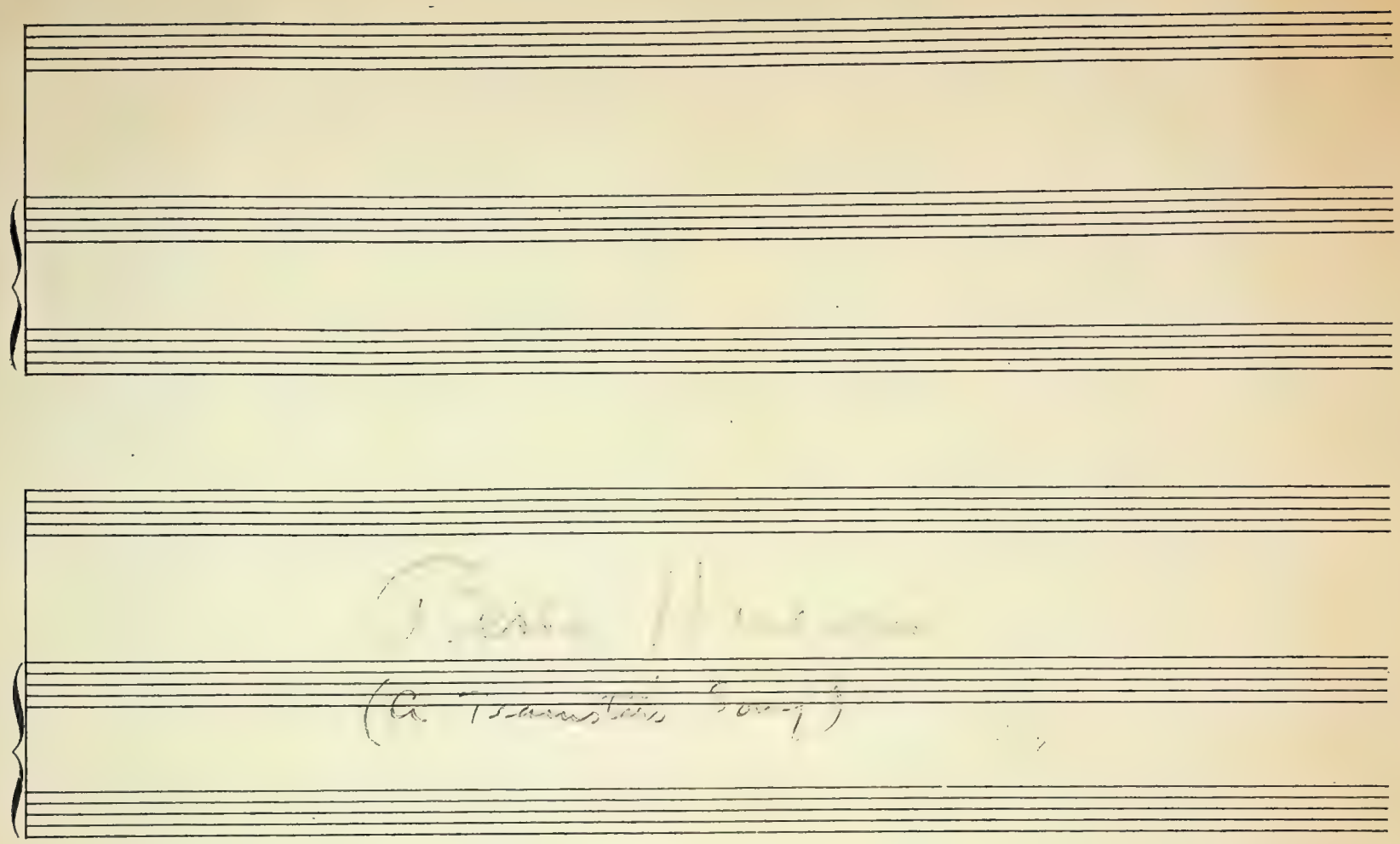
Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Vuelve otra vez con tus palabras tiernas,
Y vendras á consolar á este hombre en su aflicion;
Quien hubiera sabido que tu amor era ilusion, Ay!
Para no haber consentido, ni puesto-te tanto amor.

Eran los ocho y media, cuando mi amor te dí,
Las campanas del Rosário, tocaban á la oracion;
Iba llegando allá Capula, cuando me acorde de tí, Ay!
Horrorosa, chata cara de bule, que hé de hacer si
te perdí!

Come as of old and with thy words so tender,
Come in mercy and console this man afflicted so;
Who would ever have dreamed it, that thy love was but
a show, Ay!
That he never had consented, no, nor staked such love
on thee.

'Twas half past eight in th'evening when I told my love
to thee,
And the church bells of the Rosary were sounding the call
to prayer;
I was just getting to Capula, when I chanced to think of
thee, Ay!
Oh! my horrid, snub-nosed, dish-face darling, What'll I
do if I lose thee!



Recorded and Translated by
Charles F. Tummis

Peña Hueca
(~~Hill of Peña~~)
A Teamster's Song

Transcribed and Harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Very moderately

mp

Pe - ña — — de a-quel cer-ro al - to, — — Don-de mi a-
cliff — — of — — that lof-ty moun-tain, — — Where she my

mp

ma - da — — pa-sa la vi - da; ——
loved one — — Doth dwell con-ten - ted; ——

mf rit.

Don - de es - ta - rá la con-sen-ti - da, ay! — — Pe - ña
There, where she is that hath con-sen-ted, ay! — — Pe - ña

mf

a Tempo

Hue-ca; no me va-yas á ol-vi - dar. — — — Si es-toy des-
Hue-ca, O for - get me nev-er- more. — — — When I am

a tempo

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Tummis

pier - to, — — te es-toy mi - ran - do, — — Si es-toy d
wak - ing, — — I see thy seem - ing, — — When I am

mi - do, — — Te es-toy so - ñan - do; — —
sleep - ing — — Of thee I'm dream - ing; — —

rit. a tempo

Siem - pre — — la yun-taan-dan-do, ay! —— Pe - ña Hue-ca, no
E'er with — — my ox-en team-ing, ay! —— Pe - ña Hue-ca, O f

1st 2nd

va - yas á ol-vi - dar. — — Si es-toy des- dar. — —
get me nev-er- more. — — When I am more. — —

Peña Hueca

(A Teamster's Song)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Lummis

Peña de aquel cerro alto,
Donde mi amada pasa la vida,
Donde estará la consentida, ay!
Peña Hueca, no me vayas á olvidar.

Si estoy despierto, te estoy mirando,
Si estoy dormido, te estoy soñando;
Siempre la yunta andando, ay!
Peña Hueca, no me vayas á olvidar.

Cliff of that lofty mountain,
Where she my loved one doth dwell contented,
There, where she is that hath consented, ay!
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

When I am waking, I see thy seeming,
When I am sleeping, of thee I'm dreaming;
E'er with my oxen teaming, ay!
Peña Hueca, O forget me nevermore.

Note: Peña Hueca, a tiny Mexican hamlet named after the peculiar cliff behind it. (Peña, "cliff"; Hueca, "hollow", or "cave".) Pronounced Pain-ya Way-ca.

La Primavera

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Summis.

La Primavera
(In Springtime)

Transcribed and Harmonized by
Arthur Farwell.

With motion and grace.

1 Ya vie-ne la pri-ma-ve-ra, sem-bran-do
2 No me mi-res que nos mi-ren que nos mi-
3 De se-pul-cro en se-pul-cro voy pre-gun-
1 Now com-eth the spring-time ten-der, wild I
2 Eye me not fir- they are ey-ing us and they
3 From grave un- to grave I make my way, tap-ping,

flo-res, sem-bran-do flo-res, ay, ay! ay! ay! Ya los cam-
ra-mos, que mi-ra-mos, ay, ay! ay! ay! mi-ran-do-
pre-gun-tan-do, ay, ay! ay! ay! al-lí mo-
flow-ers sow-ing, ay, ay! ay! ay! now are the
see us sing-ing, ay, ay! ay! ay! sigh-ing all
ask-ing, ay, ay! ay! ay! go-ing

pos se es-mel-tan de mil co-lo-res, de mil co-
nos se di-cen que mu-cha-man-do, que mu-chos a-
gun a-ma-mos, que glow-ing, all col-ors
ma they're say-ing, yes, we are sigh-ing, that
ra-dor, all con-der, that tired of lov-ing, that just of

lo-res.
ma-mos.
man-do.
glow-ing.
eye-ing.
lov-ing.

Can-
No-
Re-
Bird-
Now-
One-

tan nos spon-ga they're ang-
mi- re-mos, dió me u-na, sing-ing, sigh-ing, wered cal-ling,
kas a-ves,

broaden slightly in time

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Summis

Can-tan kas a-ves,
No- nos mi- re-mos,
Re- spon- dió me u-na,
Bird- songs are sing-ing,
Now- they are sigh-ing,
One- ang- wered cal-led:

Los o-te-nos re-pi-tan sus tri-nos sua-ves
Que cuan-do no nos mi-ren, nos mi-ra re-mos;
"De mu-jer-es mil-lón-es, de hom-bres ni-gu-na;
All the hills of the val-ley re-cho their sing-ing,
When their eyes are not on us, then will be eye-ing;
"No men, yes, by ten thou-sands, ne-ver a man did it!"

tri-nos sua-ves
mi- ra- re-mos,
bres ni- gu- na,
cho their sing-ing,
will be eye-ing
ver a man did it!"

Corrections for the Engraver - Song: La Primavera.

I am not sure whether the mistake was caught in copy -

The second line of the second verse of the translation should read:

And eyeing at us they're saying that we are eyeing, yes, lovers' eyeing,

---

I find a copy in which the error was made of using the word "making" instead of eyeing.

La Primavera
(In Springtime) Copyright 1923 by C. F. L.

Ya viene la primavera, sembrando flores, sembrando flores, ay, ay!
Y ya los campos se esmaltan de mil colores, de mil colores.
Cantan las aves, cantan las aves,
Los oteros repitan sus trinos suaves, sus trinos suaves.

No me mires que nos miren que nos miramos, que nos miramos, ay, ay!
Y mirandonos se dicen que nos amamos, que nos amamos.
No nos miremos, no nos miremos,
Que cuando no nos miren, nos miraremos, nos miraremos.

De sepulcro en sepulcro voy preguntando, voy preguntando, ay, ay!
Si allí mora algun alma que murió amando, que murió amando.
Respondió me una, respondió me una:
"De mujeres millares, de hombre ninguna, de hombre ninguna."

Now cometh the springtime tender, wild flowers sowing, wild flowers sowing, ay, ay!
And now are the fields resplendor, all colors glowing, all colors glowing.
Bird songs are ringing, bird songs are ringing,
All the hills of the valley echo their singing, echo their singing.

Eye me not for they are eyeing us, and they see us eye, see us eyeing, ay, ay!
And eyeing at us they're saying that we are ~~making~~ eyeing, yes, lovers' eyeing.
Now they are spying, now they are spying.
When their eyes are not on us, then we'll be eyeing, then we'll be eyeing.

From grave unto grave I make my way, tapping, asking each, asking, proving, ay, ay!
Is any soul here, I wonder, that died of loving, died just of loving?
One answered candid, one answered candid,
"Women, yes, by ten thousands, never a man did! Never a man did!"

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Tunnicliffe.

Pepa

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Lightly, with motion

1. Quie-ro á mi Pe-pa y no-sa bro-ma, — Por que es hem-bra muy for-mal —
4. Soy mas du-ro que u-na pe-ña, — y mi Pe-pa me des-ha-ce —
3. Not any o-ther hem-bra en Se-vil-la — De mas ran-go y mas me-re-s,
1. I love Pe-pa and that's no sto-ry, — For she is a dame of hon-or,
2. I am hard-er than the gran-ite, — And my Pe-pa has me crum-bled,
3. Not a dame in all Se-vil-la — Of more qual-i-ty nor brisk-er,

— El-la me ha-ce de-li-rar — Si á la ven-ta-na se a-so-ma —
— Con la mue-ca que me ha-ce — Yel o-ji-to que me gui-ña —
— Ni de tan-ta-s za-ran-de-o — Co-mo tie-ne mi Pe-pi-l-la.
— Sets me wild to gaze up-on her — At her case-ment in her glo-ry.
— Mak-ing mouths to keep me hum-bled — And her lit-tle crink be-gan it.
— For so lov-ly, live-ly a frish-er — As my ve-ry dame Pe-pil-la.

— y to-ma, — y to-ma; — Da-me en tu pi-co, pa-lo-ma,
— y to-ma, — y to-ma; — Da-me en tu pi-co, pa-lo-ma,
— y chil-la, — y chil-la; — Por Dios, mi-ma, no me ri-ñas,
— and take it, — yes, to-ma; — Put me up thy beak, Pa-lo-ma,
— and take it, — yes, to-ma; — Put me up thy beak, Pa-lo-ma,
— she's bawl-ing, — and bawl-ing; — Goodness, girl, be com-

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Tunnicliffe

retard

Un gra-ni-to de tu sal. — Va-les mas que el mun-do
— Un gra-ni-to de tu sal. — Va-les mas que el mun-do
Ni me ha-gas en-fa-dar, — Va-les mas que el mun-do
— Cuan-do tie-ne Ot-tie sal-t, a woz! — Thou art worth the world's c
— Cuan-do tie-ne Ot-tie sal-t, a woz! — Thou art worth the world's c
— not al-ways dis-a-gree! — Thou art worth the world's c

slowly. in time.

slowly. in time.

Ay! sa-le-ro, ven a-cá.
Ay! sa-le-ro, ven a-cá.
Ay! sa-le-ro, ven a-cá.
salt of sweet-ness, come to me.
salt of sweet-ness, come to me.
salt of sweet-ness, come to me.

Nr. 3—Carl Fischer, New York.

Pepa

Recorded and translated by
Charles F.Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Lummis.

Quiero á mi Pepa y no es broma, Por que es hembra muy formal,
Ella me hace delirar Si á la ventana se asoma
Y toma, y toma; Dame en tu pico, paloma,
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,
Ay! salero, ven acá.
Soy mas duro que una peña, Y mi Pepa me deshace,
Con la mueca que me hace Y el ojito que me guiña.
Y toma, y toma; Dame en tu pico, paloma,
Un granito de tu sal. Vales mas que el mundo entero,
Ay! salero, ven acá.
No hay otra hembra en Sevilla De mas rango y mas meneo,
Ni de tanto zarandeo Como tiene mi Repilla.
Y chilla, y chilla; Por Dios, niña, no me riñas,
Ni me hagas enfadar, Vales mas que el mundo entero,
Ay! salero, ven acá,

I love Pepa and that's no story, For she is a dame of honor,
Sets me wild to gaze upon her At her casement in her glory.
And take it, yes, toma; Put me up thy beak, Paloma,
And it's Attic salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,
Salt of sweetness, come to me!
I am harder than the granite And my Pepa has me crumbled,
Making mouths to keep me humbled, And her little wink began it.
And take it, yes, toma; Put me up thy beak, Paloma,
And its Attic salt, a wee! Thou art worth the world's completeness,
Salt of sweetness, come to me.
Not a dame in all Sevilla Of more quality nor brisker,
Nor so lovely, lively a frisker As my very same Pepilla.
She's bawling, and bawling; Goodness, girl, be done with brawling,
And not always disagree! Thou art worth the world's completeness,
Salt of sweetness, come to me.

(Final

Es El Amor Mariposa

Recorded and Translated by
Charles F. Lummis

Es el Amor Mariposa
(Butterfly Love)

Transcribed and Harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Moderately

mp

1, Es el a-mor ma-ri-po-sa, que bus-ca la sa-li-da del sol
2. Es el a-mor co-mo un mi-ño, ca-pri-cho-so y ju-gue-ton,
1. Love is a but-ter-fly That with the first sun-my hour
2. Love is the likes of a ba-by, Ca-pri-cious and play-thing-mad,

Ex-
que
Wide
That,

tien-de sus blan-cas a-las, y vue-la de flor en flor.
por un ju-gue-te nue-vo, des-pre-cia el que le sir-vió.
o-pens on snow-y pin-ions And flut-ters from flower to flower.
aye, for a new-er play-thing Dis-pri-zes the one he had.

2

3/24

Es el a-mor un gil-gue-ro, que bus-ca su nue-vo pla-cer
En es-te mun-do, pa-lo-ma, to-do pa-sa tan ve-loz,
Love is the likes of a lin-net, That pleas-ure in nov-el-ty greets,
In this our world, my Pa-lo-ma, all pas-ses a-way and ov fast,

f

Que
Qué

man-da sus dul-ces can-tos a la pri-me-ra que ve.
nos de-ja sa-bo-rean-do, a-quel-lo que nos gus-tó.
pours out his love-song gol-den Wher-e-ver a Her he meets.
Leaves in the mouth but sa-vor Of sweet-ness al-rea-dy past.

rit. mf

Por
Por
And
And

2

3/26

rit. mf

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Lummis

Slower

very broad

a tempo

f

E - soy mo-re-na mi - a,
E - so, si no te en - o - ja
so when I first es - pied thee,
so, if thou'rt not of - fen - ded

cuan-do te ví,
es - te can - tar,
My nut - brown maid,
By this my lay.

Slower

very broad

a tempo

di - je que te que - ri - a,
sa tu bo-qui-ta ro - ja,
fren-zy of love be - side thee
Lit. the rose mouth, bow - ben - ded,

con fren - e - sí.
a - bre - la ya.
Thy love I prayed;
O - pen, I pray!

2

very broad

a tempo

very broad

a tempo

f

si mi ne-gra me di - ce
si mi ne-gra me di - ce
If, Brown-ie mine, thou say-est
If, Brown-ie mine, thou say-est

Lo que yo sé,
lo que yo sé,
One thing to me —
One thing to me —

3/26

very broad

a tempo

fast

rit. f

ras, ve-ras que fe - li-ces va-mos á ser, va-mos á ser. Por ser.
ras, ve-ras que fe - li-ces va-mos á ser, va-mos á ser. Por ser.
see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be, how blest we'll be. And be.
see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be, how blest we'll be. And be.

1st

2nd

fast

2

rit. f

f

Es el Amor Mariposa
(Butterfly Love)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

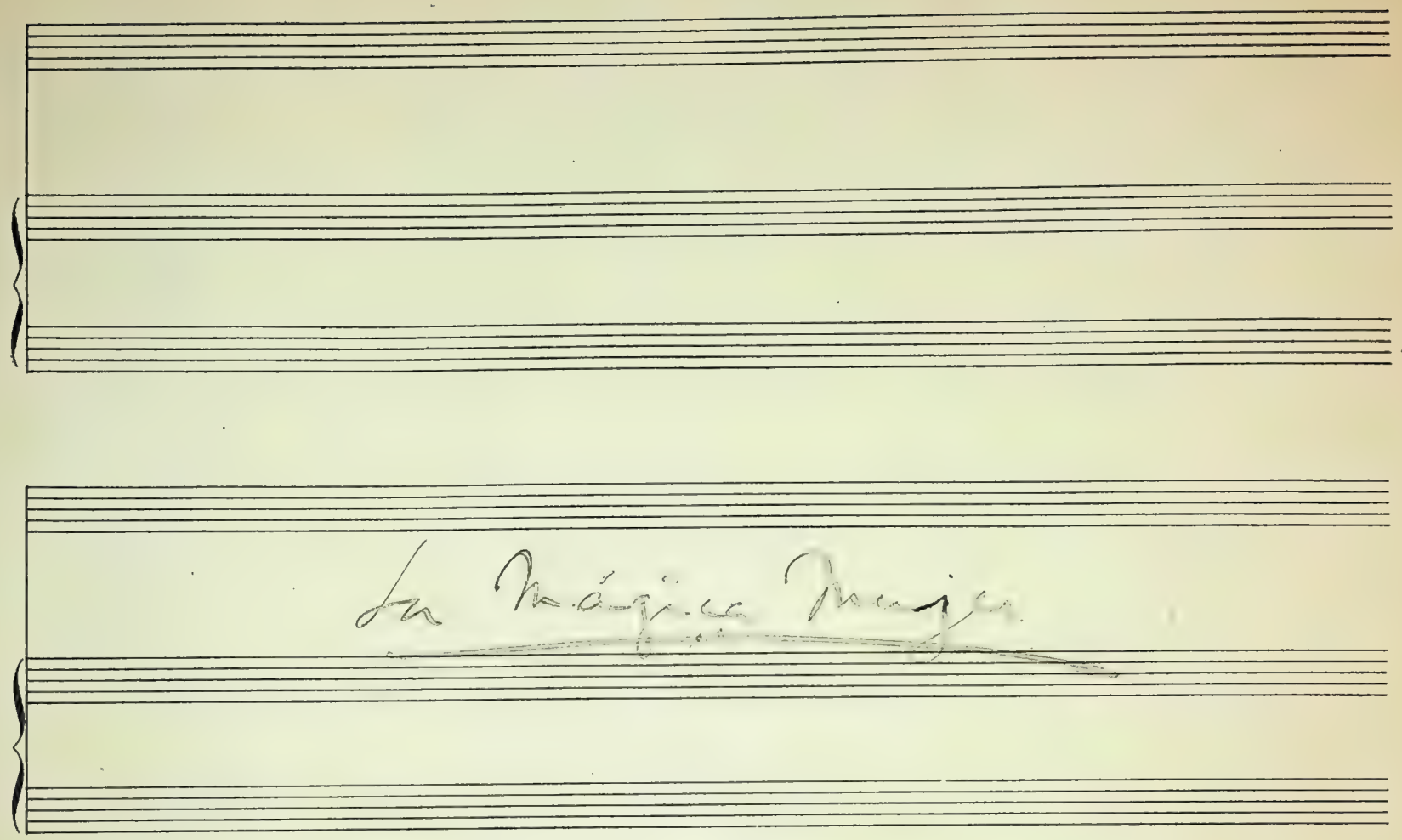
Copyrighted 1923 by Chas. F. Lummis

Es el amor mariposa, que á la salida del sol
Extiende sus blancas alas, y vuela de flor en flor.
Es el amor un gilguero, que busca su nuevo placer
Y manda sus dulces cantos á la primera que ve.
Por eso, morena mia, cuando te ví,
Te dije que te queria, con frenesí.
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo sé,
Veras, veras que felices vamos á ser, vamos á ser.

Es el amor como un niño, caprichoso y jugueton,
Que por un juguete nuevo, desprecia el que le sirvió.
En este mundo, paloma, todo pasa tan veloz
Que nos deja saboreando, aquello que nos gustó.
Por eso si no te enoja este cantar,
Esa tu boquita roja, abrela ya.
Y si mi negra me dice lo que yo sé,
Veras, veras que felices vamos á ser, vamos á ser.

Love is a butterfly ever, that with the first sunny hour
Wide opens on snowy pinions, and flutters from flower to flower.
Love is the likes of a linnet, that pleasure in novelty greets,
And pours out his love-song golden, wherever a Her he meets.
And so when I first espied thee, my nut-brown maid,
In frenzy of love beside thee, thy love I prayed;
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,
How blest we'll be.

Love is the likes of a baby, capricious and plaything-mad,
That, aye, for a newer plaything disprizes the one he had.
In this our world, my Paloma. all passes away, and so fast,
It leaves in the mouth but savor of sweetness already past.
And so, if thou'rt not offended by this my lay,
That little rose mouth, bow-bended, open, I pray!
And if, Brownie mine, thou sayest one thing to me -
Thou'lt see, thou wilt see how gayest and blest we'll be,
How blest we'll be.



Recorded and Translated by
Charles F. Cummins.

La Mágica Mujer.

(~~The Witch~~ The Enchantress)

Transcribed and Harmonized by
Arthur Farwell.

Gracefully, with motion.

Un-a lin-da y magica mu-jer
She's a witch, the queen of witch-er-y,

Me en-can-tó con so-lo su mi-rar,
She that snared me on-ly with her eye,

mp

Es vis-ion ó no se que, Ó es tan so-lo un an-gel sin i-gual?
Is't a dream that rap-tured me, Or is't a peerless angel from the sky?

3 cresc.

Con un be-so ar-dien-te que me dió Cos sus la-bios de co-ral me ma-tó, me ma-
In one kiss en-dear-ing hour she thrilled, Of the cor-al of her lips I was killed, I was

ritard.

mf

4
28

a tempo

to; Ay, y to-di-to su a-mor á mi me lo en-tre-gó En mis
killed; Aye, the full of her love to me she free-ly willed, To my

a tempo

S. C. & Co. No. 53

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Cummins.

With feeling

mf

bra-zos yo te-ni-a re-cli-na-da á mi Ma-ri-a. Ven-te ni-ña, ven-
arms I held my Ma-ry, held my yield-ing, cling-ing fair-y. Come, O mai-den, to

2nd

mf

mod

yo quiero dar-te Besos mil y mil, Que el que te a-do-ra siem-pre se-rá
count-less of kiss-es All my own to be, Thine and a-dor-ing ev-er am I.

3 mp

mod

4

Lento

mp

Tu-yo pa-ra ti.
Thine and vowed to thee.

mp

Lento.

4
29

S. C. & Co. No. 53

Corrections for Engraver - Song "La Magica Mujer."

Change sub-title "(the Witch)" to read "(the Enchantress)"

Follow original copy to verse:

"In one kiss endearing how she thrilled!
Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed!"
that all right so far.

Change the next two lines to read:

"Aye, the full of her faith to me she freely willed -
To my heart I caught my fairy, caught and held my magic Mary."

Remainder of song without change.

La Magica Mujer
(The Witch)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Lummis

Una linda y magica mujer
Me encantó con solo su mirar,
Es vision ó no se que,
Ó es tan solo un angel sin igual?

Con un beso ardiente que me dió
Con sus labios de coral me mató, me mató;
Ay, y todito su amor á mi me entregó
En mis brazos yo tenía reclinada á mi Maria.

Ven-te niña, ven-te, yo quiero darte
Besos mil y mil,
Que el que te adora siempre será
Tuyo para tí.

She's a witch, the queen of witchery,
She that snared me only with her eye.
Is't a dream that raptured me,
Or is't a peerless angel from the sky?

In one kiss endearing how she thrilled,
Of the coral of her lips I was killed, I was killed;
Aye, the full of her love to me she freely willed.
* (In my arms I held my Mary, held my yielding, clinging fairy.)

Come, O maiden, to me, countless of kisses
All my own to be.
Thine and adoring ever am I,
Thine and vowed to thee.

* To my heart I caught my fairy, caught and held my magic Mary.

I and translated by
es B. Cummis.

El Charro.
The Kind Hearted Boss.

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Original

1. Es - ta - ba un char - ro sen - ta - do En las tran - cas
2. Ne - ces - i - to buen ca - bal - lo Bue - na sil - la y
3. E - sa chi - ca que us - ted tie - ne Con el - la me he'
4. Hi - co - las se des - es - pe - ra y se quie - re des -
1. A lone - ly cow - punch - er was mop - ing On the old cor -
2. An' need a good hoss and quit
3. An' that lit - tle bus - ter quit
4. Then Nick gets des' - pe - rate

1. de un cor - ral; Es ta - ba un char - ro sen -
2. buen ga - ban; Ne - ces - i - to buen ca -
3. de ca - sar; E - sa chi - ca que us - ted
4. bar - ran - car; Hi - co - las se des - pe -
1. red bar slick.
2. want 'em quick.
3. wife I'd pick.
4. cliff right quick.

1. Es ta - ba un char - ro sen - ta - do En las tran - cas
2. Ne - ces - i - to buen ca - bal - lo Bue - na sil - la y
3. E - sa chi - ca que us - ted tie - ne Con el - la me he'
4. Hi - co - las se des - es - pe - ra y se quie - re des -
1. A lone - ly cow - punch - er was mop - ing On the old cor -
2. An' need a good hoss and quit
3. An' that lit - tle bus - ter quit
4. Then Nick gets des' - pe - rate

1. de un cor - ral; ta - do En las tran - cas de un cor - ral.
2. buen ga - ban; Bue - na sil - la y de ca - sar.
3. de ca - sar; tie - ne Con el - la me he' de ca - sar.
4. bar - ran - car; pe - ra y se quie - re des - bar - ran - car.
1. red bar slick. mop - ing On the old cor - ral bar slick.
2. want 'em quick. sad - dle And a slick - er 'n' I want 'em quick.
3. wife I'd pick. ghost - er She's just the wife I'd pick.
4. cliff right quick. pe - ra - dy To jump o - ver the cliff right quick.

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Cummis.

3

Su may - or - do - mo le di - ce; "No es - tes tris - te,
Su may - or - do - mo le di - ce; "Jo - que gus - tes,
Su may - or - do mo le di - ce; "Tie - ne due - ño,
Su may - or - do mo - le di - ce; "De ca - bo - za,
His boss he nev - er says mo - thin' But "Aw, dont' be
His boss he nev - er says mo - thin' But "What - er - er
His boss he nev - er says mo - thin' On - ly "She is
His boss he nev - er says mo - thin' On - ly "Do it

3
30

Tri - co - las."
Tri - co - las."
Tri - co - las."
Tri - co - las."
grouch - ing, Nick."
you say, Nick."
spoke for, Nick."
head - first. Nick."

Su may - or - do - mo le
Su may - or - do - mo le
Su may - or - do - mo le
His boss he nev - er sa
His boss he nev - er sa
His boss he nev - er sa

di - ce; "No es - tes tris - te, Tri - co - las."
di - ce; "Jo - que gus - tes, Tri - co - las."
di - ce; "Tie - ne due - ño, Tri - co - las."
di - ce; "De ca - bo - za, Tri - co - las."
mo - thin' But "Aw, dont' be grouch - ing, Nick."
mo - thin' But "What - er - er you say, Nick."
mo - thin' On - ly "She is spoke for, Nick."
mo - thin' On - ly "Do it head first. Nick."

MONARCH THEATRE
Nr. 3—Carl Fischer, New York.

El Charro

The Kind Hearted Boss

Recorded and translated by
Charles F.Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Lummis

Estaba un charro sentado, En las trancas de un corral;) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "No estes triste, Nicolas.") Bis

Necesito buen caballo, Buena silla y buen gaban;) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "Lo que gustes, Nicolas.") Bis

Esa chica que usted tiene, Con ella me hé de casar;) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "Tiene dueño, Nicolas.") Bis

Nicolas se desespera, y se quiere desbarrancar;) Bis

Su mayordomo le dice, "De cabeza, Nicolas.") Bis

A lonely cow-puncher was moping, On the old corral-bar slick;) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', But, "Aw, don't be grouching, Nick.") Bis

I need a good hoss and saddle, And a slicker, 'n' I want 'em quick.) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', But, "What ever you say, Nick.") Bis

And your little Mariquita, She's just the wife I'd pick.) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "She is spoke for, Nick.") Bis

Then Nick gets desprate ready, To jump over the cliff right quick.) Bis

His boss he never says nothin', Only, "Do it head-first, Nick!") Bis

First Public

Adios, Adios, Amores.

ted and translated by
ules F. Dunmis.

Adios, Adios, Amores.

~~Farewell, Farewell, Dear Loving~~
(Farewell, O love, my forever)

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell.

Slowly. mf

1) A-dios, a-dios, a-mo-res, A-dios por-me mean-sen-to Por
2) Tu pro-me-tes dul-zu-ra, y so-lo das pe-sa-res; ta-
3) Des-con-sue-los y pe-nas, an-gus-tias y do-lo-res A
1) Fare-well, ~~for ever, for a Lov-ing~~ Fare-well for I must se-ver From
2) Thou swear-est to bring sweet-ness, Thou bring-est sor-row on-ly, Á
3) Dis-con-so-late re-pin-ing, A-las, and sor-row o'er Thee, To

mp

tan-to sen-ti-mien-to Que tu me has da-do á mi. Por
gri-mas á mil-la-res Le der-ra-man por tí. y
tus a-do-ra-do-res No mas les sa-bes dar. Por
all the sor-rows e-ver That thou hast given to me. In
mil-lion tears and lone-ly Are fal-ling, aye, for Thee. Thy
Them that so a-dore thee, 'Tis all thou know'st to give. In

e-so ya no quie-ro A-mar mas en la vi-da; Á
de tu cruel sa-e-ta La he-ri-da es-ta en-ra-da- No
l-do ya no quie-ro A-mar mas en la vi-da; A
Love, while life shall lin-ger, No more shall I be fall-ing; My
ern-el ar-row's wound-ing Ya healed to hurt no lon-ger; Thou'lt
love while life shall lin-ger, No more shall I be fall-ing; My

Copyright 1923 by Chas. F. Dunmis

retard.

mi pa-tria que-ri-da Me voy á re-ti-rar.
mas sac-ri-fi-ca-da Ve-ras mi li-ber-tad.
mi pa-tria que-ri-da Me voy á re-ti-rar.
na-tive land is call-ing And thither I must flee.
see me free and strong-er, No more a slave to Thee.
na-tive land is call-ing And thither I must flee.

retard

Corrections for Engraver - Song: Adios, Adios, Amores.

Change sub-title to (Farewell, O love, forever.)

In the first verse of the translation, make the first two lines read:

Farewell, O love, forever! Farewell, for I must sever
From all the sorrows ever That thou hast given to me.

Adios, Adios, Amores

(Farewell, Farewell, Our Loving)

Recorded and translated by
Charles F. Lummis

Transcribed and harmonized by
Arthur Farwell

Copyright 1923 by
Chas. F. Lummis

Adios, adios amores, Adios porque me ausento,
Por tanto sentimiento Que tu me has dado á mi.
Por eso ya no quiero Amar mas en las vida;
Á mi patria querida Me voy á retirar.

Tu prometes dulzuras, Y solo das pesares;
Lagrimas á millares Se derraman por tí.
Y de tu cruel saeta La herida es ta# curada;
No mas sacrificada, Veras mi libertad.

Desconsuelos y penas, Angustias y dolores
Á tus adoradores No mas les sabes dar.
Por eso ya no quiero, Amar mas en la vida;
Á mi patria querida, Me voy á retirar.

+ (Farewell, farewell, our loving! Farewell for I must sever
From all the woes forever That thou hast giv'n to me.)
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

Thou swearest to bring sweetness, Thou bringest sorrow only,
A million tears and lonely, Are falling aye for thee.
Thy cruel arrow's wounding Is healed to hurt no longer;
Thoul't see me free and stronger, No more a slave to thee.

Disconsolate repining, Alas, and sorrow o'er thee,
To them that so adore thee, Tis all thou know'st to give.
In love, while life shall linger, No more I shall be falling;
My native land is calling And thither I must flee.

+ Farewell, O love, forever! Farewell for I must sever
From all the sorrows ever that thou hast given to me.